

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1: Paris]

You can keep fightin', or you can go home
You can keep tryin', or get rolled on
I'ma keep ridin', 'cause when the funk is on
Most of these so-called rebels ain't got they phones on
So I turn to the killers and the gangbangers
Teach 'em how change, doin' the same thang
Show a loc how to love himself
And how self-hate make you wanna slug yourself
Introduce him to the enemy that enemy made
And how the evil made 'em murder for the clique that he claim
When I see it all click in his brain
I put an clip in his hand and tell 'em, "Come on, it's women to save"
You a young black warrior, raised in a battlefield
Some say soldier, trained with a strap to kill
But it ain't no good if all you think about
Is shootin' up the area Blacks chill, and that's real

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H.]

Time to leave the wrong for right
Gotta make a change in my life
Shake all the stress and strife
And gain wealth with knowledge of self, baby
Settle down and raise a fam
And know about that master plan
That's why we gotta understand
Nobody looking out for us but us, true baby

[Verse 2: Paris]

History and time have proved nobody cares
If you live life cool or you die but you
You ride for me homie, I'ma ride for you
Long as you understand who you bring the violence to
If you hard enough to murder for malt liquor and mean mugs
Mash on these b*t*h-a** cops who bring teens drugs
And politicians who pa** laws that don't do sh*t, keepin' streets corrupt
Keepin' us stuck
And trapped in that hell hole
I know the reason of the reason for the reason which your mind bases hell on

You ain't gotta call hell home
If you think twice 'bout smokin' a brother for gettin' his mail on
Let me guess, you ain't workin' for the white man?
Who you think you workin' for, sellin' white, man?
They lend you yayo, send you to jail
The hard truth of it spells the intent to fail, might as well

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H.]

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[Verse 3: Paris]

Real G's know the drama
From being nine years old seein' Five-O feelin' all on your momma
Smacked her hard, threw her in the back of the car
For some out of date tags on the car
That's hard, real Crips know the real sh*t
Livin' with ya granny 'cause ya daddy ain't never callin' or give sh*t
So of course, the anger from the pain just might be the blame
For n***as that get they wig split
Real Bloods know it's hard to feel love
If daddy was there, but he threatened to kill us
And while we did homework, he just did drugs
Of course, I'ma flash red rags and give it up, n***a
Punk police, deadbeat daddies and crack
Are the reason many hated bein' black
It's time to rise up, open your eyes up
To the people who created the trap and hate that, take that